



Alcides Dallas stole a quick glance at Cynthia as she sat between the two dogs dozing in the corner of the hearthstone, with one arm around the prostrate Aulus and her eyes gazing into the blazing grate. Then he stumped eagerly forward.

"My shoulder been a little bad today when I was thrown last spring at the 'roundups,'" he remarked apologetically, his eyes still upon the slight Cynthia, "and that old centypede bite of five years ago still a-goin' for me at times and contributin' to make life a weariness of the flesh, I reckon a small snifter taken under such depression circumstances might operate as a blessing in disguise."

He paused after this lengthy explanation, put his tongue in his cheek and looked warily around. There was a dead silence. Mr. Buck Jerrold, who had just entered stooping under a heavy load of wood, cast down his burden upon the blazing hearth amid a shower of sparks, and leaning against the chimney piece grinned incredulously as he listened to the old man's catalogue of his infirmities. Cynthia sat still between the dogs and said nothing.

"It's a powerful singin', Al," remarked Mr. Jerrold slowly, rubbing his bearded chin and pursing his lips, "how long it do take, natchally, to get that centypede pizen out'n a man's unfortunate system when wunst he's been bit. You don't seem to have no kind of success, although you've been pickin' yerself off and on for it nigh onto five years. That's Jed Smalley, who allows that he got outside of a clean gallon of Jim Willy's rat pizen that time he set down on one durin' shearin, an' although that's 10 years ago, an' he's signed the pledge since then, he allows there's days now when the old symptoms gets ahead of him, an' he's obliged to hobble his conscience an' take a drink or go clean crazy."



"And that old centypede bite of five years ago still a-goin' for me at times."

The old man turned, with his glass in his hand, and gazed doubtfully at Buck Jerrold, as if to fathom the sincerity of his remarks.

"That's so," he said gravely. "That's them ez believes ye never kin git over it! That's them ez thinks it's jest fyin in the face of Providence to ever sign the pledge arter ye've once been bit. The train of infirmities and worryment that an alibodied centypede kin let loose forevermore on an unfortunate critter's distracted inside is too harrowin' fur argumint."

But here the humor of his reflections infected even his own sepulchral gravity, and the corners of his mouth twitched; he turned his back on Cynthia, permitted Amelia to fill his glass to the brim, and covering it with his whole hand so that the amount of his indulgence was concealed from his audience tossed the draft off with surprising facility. He returned to his seat apparently refreshed.

Cynthia rose at once with a sigh, and repairing to the closet returned with a large tablespoon and an ominous looking bottle.

"Now, father," she said, standing before him and looking anxiously into his face, "it's t' me to take the counter irritant." If your shoulder is plaguin you again tonight, you want your dose. I s'pose it tastes about as bad as it smells, but it's only a minute, you know, and it's all over, and then we won't hear any more about sufferin' humanity's rest of the evening."

She poured out a tablespoonful of the mixture and held it toward him coaxingly.

"Go long, now, Cynthia!" ejaculated the old man, waving his medicinal favor aside. "Ye don't reckon I want nix two kinds of medicine to ome, do yer? That ain't no sense in such work ez that! Wot I jes' took is kalkulated to fortify me ag'in the lingerin' effects o' that thar pizen critter's bite, and that fign cholly hez jest the opposite effect and would be warin on the nerves. No, Cynthia, I'm feelin' better 'ready, sis, and I don't know ez I owe my inside any partikler grudge to be depressin it to that extent."

He turned his back abruptly upon his daughter and her sollicitations, and swinging round in the wooden chair on which he sat crossed his legs and gazed fixedly into the blazing coals with an expression upon his withered face from which there was no appeal.

Thus repulsed in her efforts to counteract what she believed to be the dangerous tendencies of liquor, Cynthia made one more appeal.

"But you know, father, Dr. Stethoscope prescribed this for you whenever you were feelin blue and out of spirits," she pleaded, a pretty trouble gathering in her anxious brows.

"Dr. Stethoscope is a crank and a cussed fool!" returned the elder Dallas sharply, still with averted face. "I kin run my own inside without any advice from him, I reckon. Wot's more," he added, with a grin that disclosed a few lonely and discolored teeth in his upper jaw, "jest at present I'm not out of spirits."

He glanced at Mr. Buck Jerrold leaning against the chimney piece and winked boldly, as if to clinch the suggestion.

Cynthia, leaving another little sigh, poured the contents of the tablespoon back into the bottle and replaced it in the cupboard with an air of resignation. She then returned to her seat in the corner of the hearth between the sleeping dogs.

Meanwhile Amelia had crossed the room to a point near the lounging Mr. Jerrold and stood listening seriously to the dialogue between father and daughter before proffering her services to him. She now performed the same gymnastic feat with the jug and extended the old man's empty tumbler to him.

"I ain't no use for it," replied Mr. Jerrold listlessly, not changing his at-

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### ABSOLUTELY PURE

titude, but permitting his large gray eyes to wander in the direction of Cynthia. "Never havin' been bit yet and been favored with a right smart appetite and good works g'n'rally, I kin jest natchally run myself satisfactory without reg'larly firin up the machinery. Now and then in a matter of business, ef a man don't come to time over a hose trade or swappin cattle when the fact don't, so to speak, keep tally with the arguments, liquor is his well enough to bring conviction. It's a powerful exhorter and convincer of the judgment, but for ordinary daily livin' and d'yn I don't need any in mine, and I reckon I oughter be glad on't."

Having delivered himself to this effect he glanced quickly at Cynthia again and relapsed into silence. Amelia helped herself gravely to the contents of the tumbler, with the remark that she hated to see "such good whisky left like dat clean out'n de cold," and then departed abruptly for the kitchen. Cynthia raised her beautiful eyes to Jerrold and thanked him for his reflections with a smile so sweet and engaging that Bruce, wet as he was, set down his half filled glass upon the mantel shelf as quietly as possible. Then a silence fell upon the little group—perhaps induced by the drowsy warmth and that tendency to reverie promoted by a blazing fire. The morning of the dogs fast asleep upon the hearthstone was heard distinctly in the stillness.

These reflections were broken in upon a few minutes later by Amelia, who emerged from the kitchen carrying a big dish of fried catfish and a steaming coffee pot, which she placed at the head of the table.

"Cynthia," said the old man, taking his seat at the festive board without further ceremony, "tell Ameeleyer to hurry up with them flapjacks and potatoes. I'm nigh starved! Set down, boys, and don't be hankerin' after victuals that's jes' gittin' cold afore yer eyes. Cynthia, you pour the coffee, and I'll rattle with the fish."

With this homely introduction he at once attacked the viands. The rest of the company cheerfully followed suit.

Later, when the appetite of the voracious Alcides Dallas had succumbed to the abundant supply of catfish and flapjacks, they all returned to the fire and seated themselves variably about the blazing hearth. After a long interval of gazing at the incandescent coals the old man delivered himself sentimentally to this effect:

"It been a little chilly here this evenin'—in a low, confidential tone, as if in confidence to the glowing embers—"it been a little chilly tonight, I allow that (f) axed Ameeleyer to make a good pitcher o' eggnog it might help matters and oblige the mist of adversity and depression to not so monotonously prevail—that is, if them durned hens hev concluded to lay at all lately. Yess, we've made a beginnin on that rye whisky," he added, by way of apology. "Ameeleyer, wot account hev ye got to give of them pertikler hens?"

Amelia, who was busily engaged clearing away the remnants of the recent supper, paused at the table in the act of scraping a dish.

"Bless yo' soul, boss, de hens am all reg'lar! I've done got five eggs a day ever since I fed 'em that raw meat."

"I wanter know!" said the old man in gratified surprise, without removing his eyes from the hearth. "Waal, then, you might beat up about a dozen o' them eggs in a pitcher and empty the rest o' that jug 'n' to keep 'em from spilin. I'm anxious not to get them pizen critters. Praps it won't do to keep my supper waitin' too long for it."

"De Lor!" exclaimed Amelia, rolling her eyes in amazement, "yo' doan' want de hole jug o' whisky in dem eggs, boss! De yo' wan' cook 'em into one paste same as an om'let? One teaspoonful to eb'ry egg, sah—dat an' de correct proportion."

"Waal, let her goat that, then!" sighed the old man querulously, "so long ez we don't give that centypede time to get to work on my inside afore yer hand with it."

Amelia disappeared in the kitchen forthwith and soon returned with the coveted leverage in an earthen pitcher. The glasses were filled and set round.

"That's a right peart shootin' iron o' yo'!" Mr. Bruce said to the old man, picking up the latter's breechloader as it stood in a corner of the hearthstone and curiously examining it.

"Jee-whittaker! It works like a rifle, don't it? Waal, now, that lays way over the 'Silent Mary,' Buck, you bet. Cynthia, bring 'Mary' out! She's standin in the corner. I loaded her today, darter, he added in a low tone of voice as if he were about to say something of a confidential nature. Cynthia, who had been standing in the corner of the hearthstone, came callin on ye ag'in durin the next fortnight. I ain't no other use for him, and I reckon he knows it!"

Cynthia made no reply to this remark of Alcides, but soon returned to the hearth carrying with difficulty, an enormous muzzle loading shotgun. It was double barreled and evidently designed for killing geese at long range.

"I call her the 'Silent Mary,'" said the old man, setting the unwieldy weapon between his knees and regarding it admirably, "out of a feelin of gentle sarcasm. She's about the loudest in argumint of any shootin' iron I ever see. And what she hez to say generally strikes home—sometimes both ways. I reckon one'd drum my ear one time time plumb busted! But lookin at her by and large," he added, tapping the barrel and surveying the great gun, "Mary hez more pizins and more g'it thar than anythin' I ever yet p'inted into a flock o' geese or wild duck."

He turned his head slowly and regarded Bruce.

"I dare say," the latter replied considerably, "you can count on that gun for very long range, but I find mine convenient for ordinary shooting. Wot you try a cigar?"

He opened a leather cigar case and held it toward him. The old man took one as a matter of course, but pursued his reflections. Bruce extended the case to Jerrold, and then lighting one himself blew a cloud into the open fireplace.

"I don't allow that you'll believe me," said old Dallas, biting off the whole

lower end of the weed before fitting it carefully between his scant teeth, "but I hev killed geese with 'Mary' ez far as 150 yards. I'd like to get a 'head' with her on them fellers ez stole old Spike and them runnin' hogs o' our'n, Buck," he broke out suddenly.

Mr. Buck Jerrold assented grudgingly, laying a significant hand on a revolver he wore in his belt and tilting his cigar in his mouth reflectively.

"Are you meetin' with any loss in that way?" inquired Bruce, quietly glancing at him. "I've had a little trouble of that kind myself lately."

"Yas," drawled the old man, "there's a los' s'avin' goin' wrong yer live stock. If it ain't cows it's horses, and ef it ain't horses it's hogs. Them black and white boys o' mine am runnin' from de snar, but they's good a good road brand, and there ain't no excuse for huddin' 'em. But they's pork with my brand fur sale down at San Marcus all the same. I reckon it's Sam Wickson and his gang. I've sent word to the sheriff, and he'll be over here some day to talk it over. I propose to hev the law on 'em."

"Dadburn the luck!" he broke out suddenly as recent disasters increased his impatience. "There's them fine wooled Vermont bucks out in the pen. One on 'em didn't come to time yesterday at sundown. Found him lyin' still and cold in the mornin'—pizen on laurel, I reckon! It's enough to gravel the patience of Job, durned ef it ain't!"

He leaned back in his chair and took a long, consoling sip of the eggnog in his tumbler, with evident zest. All at once the air without was filled with cries, as if all bedlam were let loose—screams, barks and yells that, from their number and frequency, might have proceeded from 50 throats.

"There they go, them durned coyotes!" ejaculated the old man, turning to listen. "I reckon they're wragin' over the carcass o' that poor old buck. I never hear one o' them devil time up," he continued slowly, "but wot I think o' my wife ez was onct an' how she could 'hold the fort' ef any one give her a reasonable opportunity. I'd back her ag'in anythin' I ever seen yet. That was times in my family," he added, shaking his voice almost to a whisper, "when I first come to Texas an' started in the hotel business, an' the frontier not so speak, exactly jibed with Maria's eccentricities—that was times in my family when nothin' short of a menagerie at feedin time could eket it. I neter sit by them times tryin' to console myself with the idea that I hev the biggest domestic circus in the Lone Star country. That's natchally comfort in that somehow. But I'm here yet, a' though."

"Is your wife dead, sir?" inquired Bruce, with all the gravity he could assume. Cynthia glanced up at him with a pained look.

"Don't git Al started on married life—don't, natchally!" interposed Jerrold hastily, with a warning gesture.

But the train was already fired.

"Dead!" exclaimed Alcides Dallas, "that's wot I'd like to know. Matter-mony," he remarked, deliberately stretching out his cramped legs, burying his hands deep in the pockets of his ducking trousers and gazing dejectedly before him with bent head as if consulting an unallowable past, "matter-mony is a lottery, my friend, whar thar's more blanks than prizes, and, understand me, I'm capable o' jedgein fur I lived with Maria nigh onto 10 years, and hev'n graduated—not with high honors, but all the same havin' graduated—I'm t' be well up on the subject."

"It's jes' ez I say to Cynthia here. She's a good little girl, though, and don't g'n'rally give me any trouble on that score—not to say that I wouldn't be glad to see Cynthia hitched in double harness, provided her partner was an honest sort o' hoss, warranted sound and not likely to kick in the traces. But thar's allus that risk, and nothin's more uncertain than marryin, I allow, unless it be swappin' he sees. My old granny neter say to my sisters—and God knows why I didn't profit by it, I heard it all my life—"Gals, don't be in a hurry, fust ef you git a good husband you'll be well paid fur waitin, and ef you make a mistake you'll hev nix but a long time to live with him." I kin only repeat the same thing to Cynthia and hope she'll hev more sense than I hed on the subject. Still Cynthia knows wot I think 'ready."

He paused and glanced significantly at Mr. Buck Jerrold, who pulled his hat brim over his eyes, as if to shade them from the glare of the fire. Cynthia moved uneasily in her corner, blushed crimson and stared dumbly at Bruce from under her drooping lashes.

The old man drained his tumbler to the dregs, set it down on the table with emphasis and proceeded:

"Still, all this ain't nuth'er here nor there. I kin to Texas arter the war from Carolin. Maria and I hed got along pretty well back in the States; fit occasionally, ye know, but that's expected arter the first two years. Things was flat in Carolin. I 'lowed to git out whar the kentry was new; sold out, took Cynthia—she was only a baby then—and Maria—I might better hev left her—she ain't no more enough—and I kin to Texas and started into the hotel business. I done well 'nuff at fust and made money. My house was full all the while of sheep and cattlemen—good pay and plenty of it."

"But bimbe, arter the novelty wore off, Maria allowed that the kentry didn't quite kin up to her expectations and began takin an inventory of the guests stoppin at the house ter alleviate her grief at the fact. The fust feller that seemed to find kalkulated to overcome the monotony of the frontier was this Capt'n Foraker I loaded 'Mary' fur this afternoon. She met him at a 'barbecue' and run with him consid'able fur a spell. Of course I had suthin to say on that subject, and arter awhile this Foraker he quit callin. It might hev bin becase I was right smart at makin warts on silver dollars throwed up in the air them days, but I don't discuss that subject. Then there was a sevin' nashen agent who presented Maria with a mamechin, and therby savin Maria consid'able sewin at nights give her an

opportunity of showin her gratitude by playin the piano fur him once in a while in the parlor.

"About the same time my mamechin began to be uncertain and perruade me, and the family menagerie was on daily exhibition. The agent fin'ly went east, and Maria languished for awhile, but one day a juley drummer kem through—a slick chap, with plenty o' samples o' pinchbeck and gewgaws. Her spirits rose ag'in and never faltered from that time forward. They was so high this time that she left town with that feller one night, and I ain't laid eyes on her sense. Maria never lones things by halves, and I never could quite understand why it was she left Cynthia here behind, but it was a fortunate thing for me, she did, or I reckon I'd s'et my account with a G-shooter durin the next fortnight. Not but wot I'd been willin to settle her fast, though," he added significantly.

"I'd preferred to have left this world with suthin to my credit. Arter that I quit the hotel business and kem here. I laid money on live stock and did pretty well. Buck here and me even right smart o' cattle together, and he looks arter 'em, been forman o' Judge Reynolds' ranch and sprier and younger. I ain't heard of Mrs. Dallas sense, and now I don't want'er."

"It's gettin' late," he said abruptly, "and I reckon wot'd better make down." He rose with a yawn and an impatient kick at the dying embers. Cynthia rose, too, and calling the dogs out they cut doors for the night, after which she dropped the gentlemen a quaint courtesy and retired to her bedroom.

The old man went to a closet, from which he took three gray blankets and threw them down on the floor. "One apiece," he said with primitive hospitality, drawing off his boots and wrapping his ducking coat around them to serve for a pillow. He rolled himself in his blanket, his feet toward the fire, and was soon asleep and snoring loudly. Nothing was left but for Bruce and Jerrold to follow suit. This they accordingly did.

But toward morning they were aroused by Alcides rising impatiently and stamping noisily to the door. A few minutes elapsed and there was a fearful explosion, the bare room lighting up with the red flash. Bruce sat up at once, rubbing his sleepy eyes and inquiring the cause of the disturbance. Even in his confused alarm he heard Cynthia laughing to herself in her little bedroom.

"It's nothin but cows," said Mr. Buck Jerrold, turning over with a yawn in his blanket. "The old man left a pair of good breeches out on the fence to dry this evenin' and I reckon them salt starved cattle hev been chewin onto 'em in the course o' their pryin round. He's seen fit to turn loose onto them the load which he said he give 'Mary' this afternoon on account o' Foraker. It's a way of saltin 'em that's quite pop'lar here at the ranch."

CHAPTER IV.

Dawn came, lacing with rose and amber the severing cast. With the first rays of light the cries of wild geese were heard flying in long harrow toward the river, and also the faint clang of millard and sheldrake passing overhead. These sounds awoke Bruce, who rose cramped and stiff and leaned against the chimney-piece in lazy admiration of the pagantry of early morning seen through the shutters of the ranch.

He glanced down at the tumbled heap of blankets at his feet. Only one of his companion bedfellows met his eye. Mr. Buck Jerrold had already arisen, leaving his disordered enwrappings in a tangled coil, very much as a snake casts its skin. The old man, his hands folded upon his breast, lay flat upon his back, snoring drowsily.

Bruce regarded him a moment with an amused smile, and then true to the sportsman's instinct drew on his shooting jacket, caught up his gun from the corner of the hearth and stepped out into the cool, clear air.

As he did so he beheld Mr. Buck Jerrold saddling his roan cow pony and evidently making preparations for an early departure.

"What away at this hour of the mornin'?" he inquired, samtering up.

"Back to the ranch. I've got more'n 50 young lambs to look after, I reckon."

"You're not going off before breakfast?" Bruce inquired, leaning on the gate.

"I reckon so. I don't call 10 miles afore breakfast any great shakes."

"That depends on the rider," Bruce replied pleasantly. "I don't think any one could ride 10 miles this mornin' without a cup of coffee at least. I feel as lame and stiff as if I'd been dragged at the end of a lariat through a thick chapparal."

"Oh, I've hed my coffee, you can bet yer life!" Jerrold replied. "Amelia's up already; she ain't the woman to let a man start out without suthin under his jacket. I say, pardner, ef you're in any great hurry to get back to the Mesquite valley, kin ez you're turned foot loose and without a nag to ride on, ye can hev Buckshot here for \$25, indicatin his roan. He ain't handsome, but he's good for twice that distance, ez smart ez ye want to jime him. He's fast and sure footed both and yer best nuth'er. Ye needn't keep yer friends waitin and anxious. I kin rope one o' the old man's 'bayou' and get off easy with half an hour's delay."

He paused, bringing the much lauded Buckshot smartly around by a blow of his quirt as he did so, at the same time stooping and tightening the flank girth.

Buckshot, a large, raw boned, spotted horse with vicious eyes and Roman nose, laid his ears back in protest; then he sprang clear of the ground with back arched like a cat and right legs, striking the earth at every bound, as if there were no such property known to matter as elasticity. He varied this unique performance at intervals by a plunging movement fore and aft, like a stout ship in a heavy sea. The result was soon obvious. A whirling vortex of blinding dust and flying hoofs the saddle began to turn. When Buckshot suspended his exertions a few minutes later and struck a snorting and indignant tableau with fiery eyes and flaring nostrils the saddle was upside down and hanging loosely between his four feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.

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### News From Neighboring Towns.

(Haverhill, Clarion.)

Nora Brashear while playing at the school house fell and hurt herself.

Born, to the wife of Joseph Lamular, Sept. 13th. A bouncing boy. Dr. R. W. Jones attending physician.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Nat Bruner, of Happy Hollow, Arthur Robbins and Miss Annie Bruner Sept. 13th. Rev. J. M. Storn officiating.

Born, to the wife of Sam E. Ayres, of Ayres' Landing, on the 13th, inst, a bouncing girl. The mother is doing well. The father is the happiest man in the lower bottom.

It is currently rumored among the Republicans of this county that Mr. N. B. Chambers will be called upon to make the race for the State Senate against Gen. A. J. Gross.

The Mass Convention of the People's party held at the court house yesterday nominated W. H. Corley, of Patesville, for Representative, and J. C. Boling, of the same place for County School Superintendent.

Mr. Ballard Smith, a brother of Mr. M. H. Hennen, who did editorial work on the New York World for some years, will move to England shortly, to live. He was born and reared in Cannelton.

President W. S. Morrison, of Falcon Mines, has completed arrangements with Receiver Atilla Cox of the "Texas," to extend the track from Adair to the bank at an early day. After this is done, they will employ at least one hundred men.

Sheriff John Conway, of Cannelton, was in the city Sunday having in charge Phillip Tomer, one of the three depot robbers, on his way to land him behind the bars at Jeffersonville, where he will remain for eighteen months.

Business was resumed Monday at the coal mines at Adair. Thirty men began work and the daily output is about five car loads. This coal is all sold to Louisville parties. Fully forty extra men could find employment there if the railroad switch was long enough so that more cars could be side-tracked.

### UNION STAR.

Miss Mattie Milner is attending Bethel College at Hopkinsville.

Miss Blanche Frymire was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Lowry Milner Friday.

Dr. Wm. Lowry Milner left this week for Louisville, where he will attend the medical college.

Mr. Robt. E. Woods, of Louisville, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Richardson.

Miss Sara E. Richardson and Miss Emma English will leave this week for Chicago to attend the Fair.

Mrs. D. S. Richardson and daughter, Miss Sara, spent last week with Mrs. Perry Beard, of Harlinsburg, and attended conference at that place.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the dedication of the M. E. church at Chenault Sunday. Rev. Allen preached in the a. m., and Rev. Chas. Royster the p. m., sermon.

Mrs. Minnie O'Neil died at the residence of Mr. John Cunningham, Thompson's Creek, Sept. 14th, of typhoid fever. The interment took place the following day in the Union Star cemetery.

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When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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(INCORPORATED.)  
**ANNUAL MEETING**

At the Fair Grounds, at Owensboro, Ky.,  
**October 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, '93.**

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New features and larger purses characterize the speed programme and places it above the high standard heretofore attained. All trotting is governed by the National Trotting Association rules and runnng by the American racing rules.

**Tuesday, October 3—First Day.**  
(All horses in this day's race to be owned in Daviess County.)

1 Trot, two-year-old, best 2 in 3 - \$100  
2 Trot, free for all, best 2 in 3 - 100  
3 Running, half-mile dash, entrance added - 50

**Wednesday, October 4—Second Day.**